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NBC

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WRITER

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DAY

TIME

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ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

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ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers!

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER:

In the early days of the West, one of the finest traditions was that of the unlocked cabin door. Up in the forests and mountainous regions where human habitations were few and far between, homesteaders, trappers, prospectors, and Forest officers alike left the latchstring to their cabins out when they were away, for any traveler or woodsmen might be caught out in the forests without food or shelter. In turn, the visitor could always be relied upon to use only what he needed, wash his dishes, chop more wood, and leave the cabin in as good an overall condition than he found it. -- The United States Forest Service has noted with extreme regret the passing of this fine old western tradition. Recently so many acts of vandalism have occurred that the Forest Service as well as local settlers have been forced to lock and barricade isolated cabins whenever they are unoccupied. Cabins and guard stations have been broken into, furniture and floors broken up for firewood, supplies stolen in quantities. Although the Forest Rangers still, as always stand ready to help travelers in the forests in case of accident or misfortune, and have countless rescues of lost persons and saving of lives to their credit, the Forest Service has announced that acts of vandalism on Government property will not be tolerated.

When last we saw our friend Ranger Jim Robbins, you remember, he had just located and placed arrest a poacher who had broken into and stolen supplies from a cabin where Jim had stored his supplies for a month while patrolling.

(MOPS)



ANNOUNCER CONT'D:

The arrest was made in the remote back-country, some fifty miles from civilization, and today Ranger Jim is bringing his prisoner, one Ike Cheeto, over the long trail back to the village of Winding Creek. They camped last night at a trail shelter, and this morning - well, here they are --

JIM: How about it, Cheeto? How about some hot coffee?

CHEETO: (GRUNTS)

JIM: Want some?

CHEETO: Yeah.

JIM: Here you are. -- You don't seem very talkative this morning, Cheeto. What's the matter - didn't you sleep warm enough?

CHEETO: Yeah, I slept warm enough.

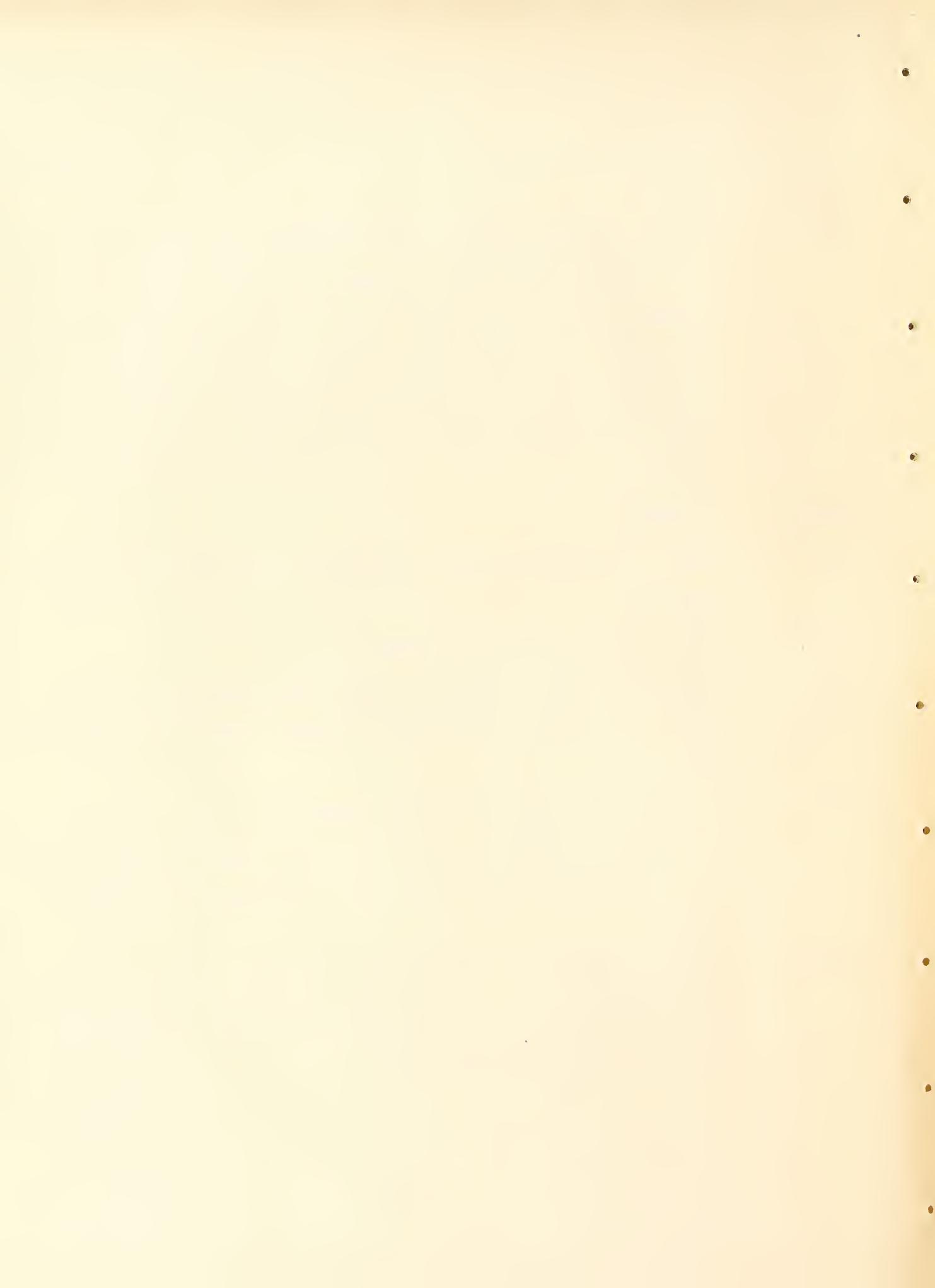
JIM: You ought to've, with those extra blankets. You were sleeping in part of the evidence I'm going to present when you come up before the judge.

CHEETO: Yeah?

JIM: Yeah. We wanna take good care of that evidence. -- Now come you stole so much of our stuff out of the cabin, Cheeto? You didn't need any of that stuff, with what you already had in your pack. -- (PAUSE) - I suppose you were figuring to cache the stuff and sell it later down in Willow Creek - something like that? -- (PAUSE) - Huh. Can't say you're very enterprising company, Cheeto. But there ain't anybody else within twenty miles of here to talk to.



- CHEETS: Naw?
- JIM: Nope. I knew a couple of scoundrels once that used to hit out for the hills every spring prospectin', and stay out all season without ever sayin' half a dozen words back in town. The hills sometimes draw a fellow inside himself that way. But when I hit the trail with a pardner I usually feel all the more friendly toward 'im on account of nobody else being around.
- CHEETS: (GRUNTS)
- JIM: Tell me, Cheets, what's the grudge you've got against us Rangers?
- CHEETS: Huh? I don't like 'em, that's what.
- JIM: How come? We've always treated you square, haven't we?
- CHEETS: Yeah - arrestin' a fellah an' haulin' 'im in to the marshall, huh?
- JIM: I reckon you know well enough you've got that comin' to you, Cheets. Poaching on our elk and stealing government property can't be laughed off, you know. -- But what's the grudge, Cheets?
- CHEETS: Always interferin', that's what you guys is doin'. Won't let a fellah kill a little game now'n then. Closin' up areas to entry, an' all that



How long do you think the game would last if we didn't have some restrictions on killing it? As a matter of fact, the game was just about wiped out on this district before the National Forest was established. We've been working hard to bring it back ever since. Don't you think we need some kind of game laws?

CHEETS Well - mebbe fer some fellers.

JIMMIE And as for closing certain areas of high fire danger now and then, don't you reckon we need to do something like that when there's special danger of fire?

CHEETS Well, mebbe for some of them city fellers that don't know the country.

JIMMIE If we make a rule, we've got to make it apply to everybody alike, Cheets. And you know you can always get a permit from us to enter a closed area if you've got legitimate business inside. -- The trouble with you, Cheets, is that you've never learned to play the game. The rules are all right for the other fellow, but you aint willing to do your share. In the old days when there weren't so many of us in this country, and everybody was pretty much on his own, we didn't need so many rules, but the more people we have living together in a community, the more we've got to work together, if we're going to get anywhere. -- The Rangers are trying to do our share - we're trying to cooperate with the community. The National Forest has given you plenty of opportunity to make an honest living, Cheets - it's brought more tourists and hunting parties to this country than ever before, and I've recommended you many a time as one of the best guides we've got in the District. -- Seems to me you owe us a little cooperation.



CHEETS: I don't need none of yer preachin'.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I wasn't meanin' to preach to you, Cheets.

I was just telling you the way I felt about it. -- Well, we gotta be hittin' the trail, pardner. Many a mile ahead yet. -- You're a crackerjack packer, Cheets -- s'pose you load up the pack horse while I'm cleanin' up here.

CHEETS: Uh huh.

JIM: Be sure and get that pack-sack full of evidence packed on tight. We'll need it for your trial, and (CHUCKLING) we might need to eat some of it ahead of time if we get slowed up. -- You can ride Spark again today, Cheets. You sure oughta be glad I was comin' back with an extra horse. Otherwise you'd've had to walk it about fifty miles.

CHEETS: Well, ridin's better'n walkin'.

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

(SOUND OF HORSES ON TRAIL)

JIM: Hum. She's aepittin' now pretty bad, ain't she, Cheets?

CHEETS: Yeah?

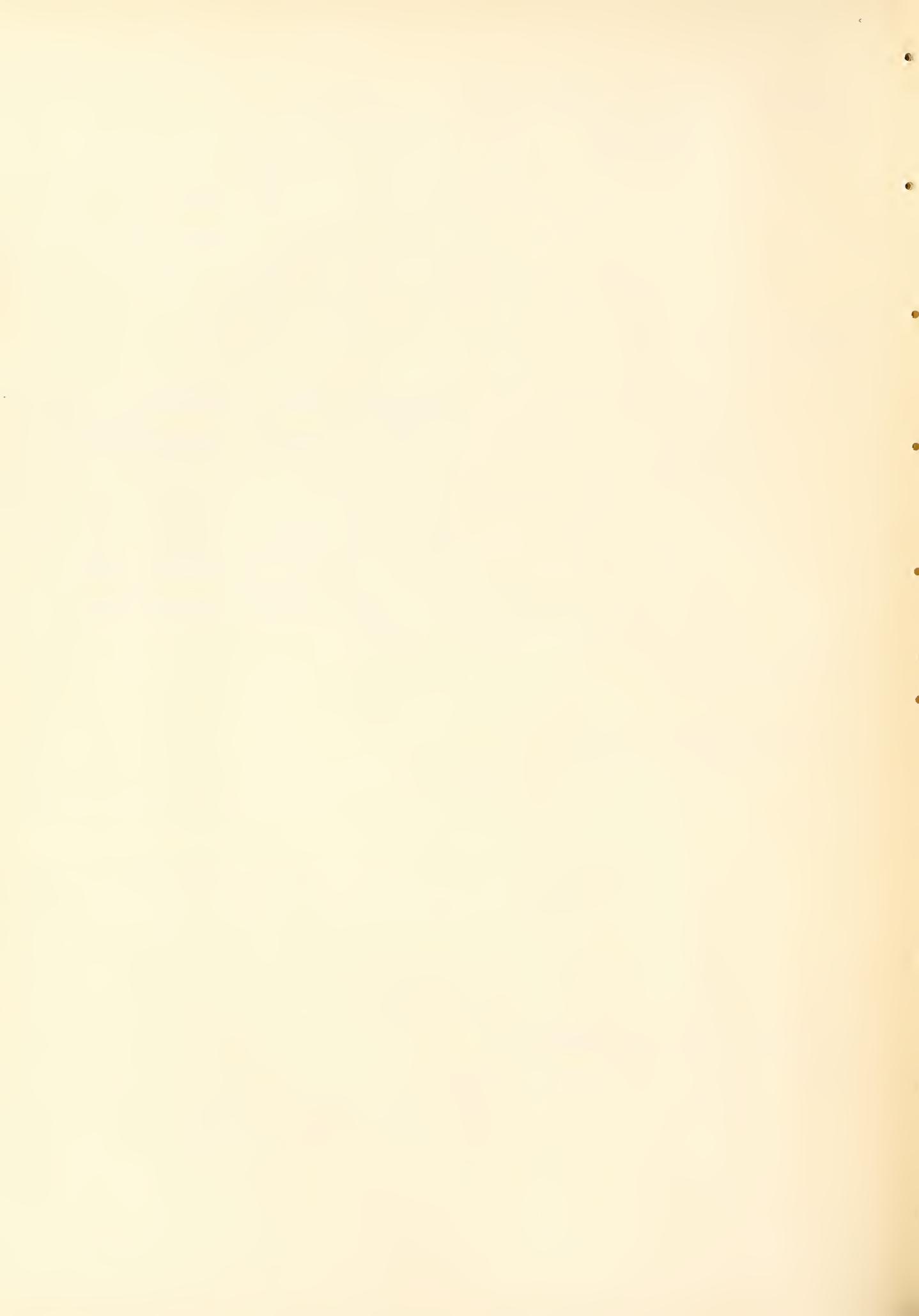
JIM: I'm afraid we're going to have pretty tough going, if this keeps up. Sow's already driftin' on the trail in some spots.

CHEETS: Yeah. Gettin' pretty deep.

(INTERVAL - SOUND OF HORSES UP)

CHEETS: Whoa. -- Kinda bad here.

JIM: Yeah -- See if you can buck through, Cheets.



CHEETS: Alright. (TO HORSE) Come on, boy - Git! -- Hup!
 (HORSE WALLOTTING IN SNOW) Heck - got off the trail some
 way or other. Bogged down a-plenty.

JIM: Watch it, Cheets, I'm going to try 'er.

CHEETS: Alright.

JIM: (TO HORSE) Come, Dolly. -- Buck 'er hard, old girl.
 (HORSE WALLOTTING) Come on Dolly. That's the way. -- Now,
 Dolly. Good old girl. -- Well, we made it, Cheets.

CHEETS: Yeah.

JIM: You made out best you can, Cheets, and I'll see if I can
 pull spark out. -- Come on Spark (HORSE WALLOTTING) Come
 on, boy -- That's the boy - Come on - We'll make it, Cheet--
 O-o-oh (GROANS WITH PAIN)

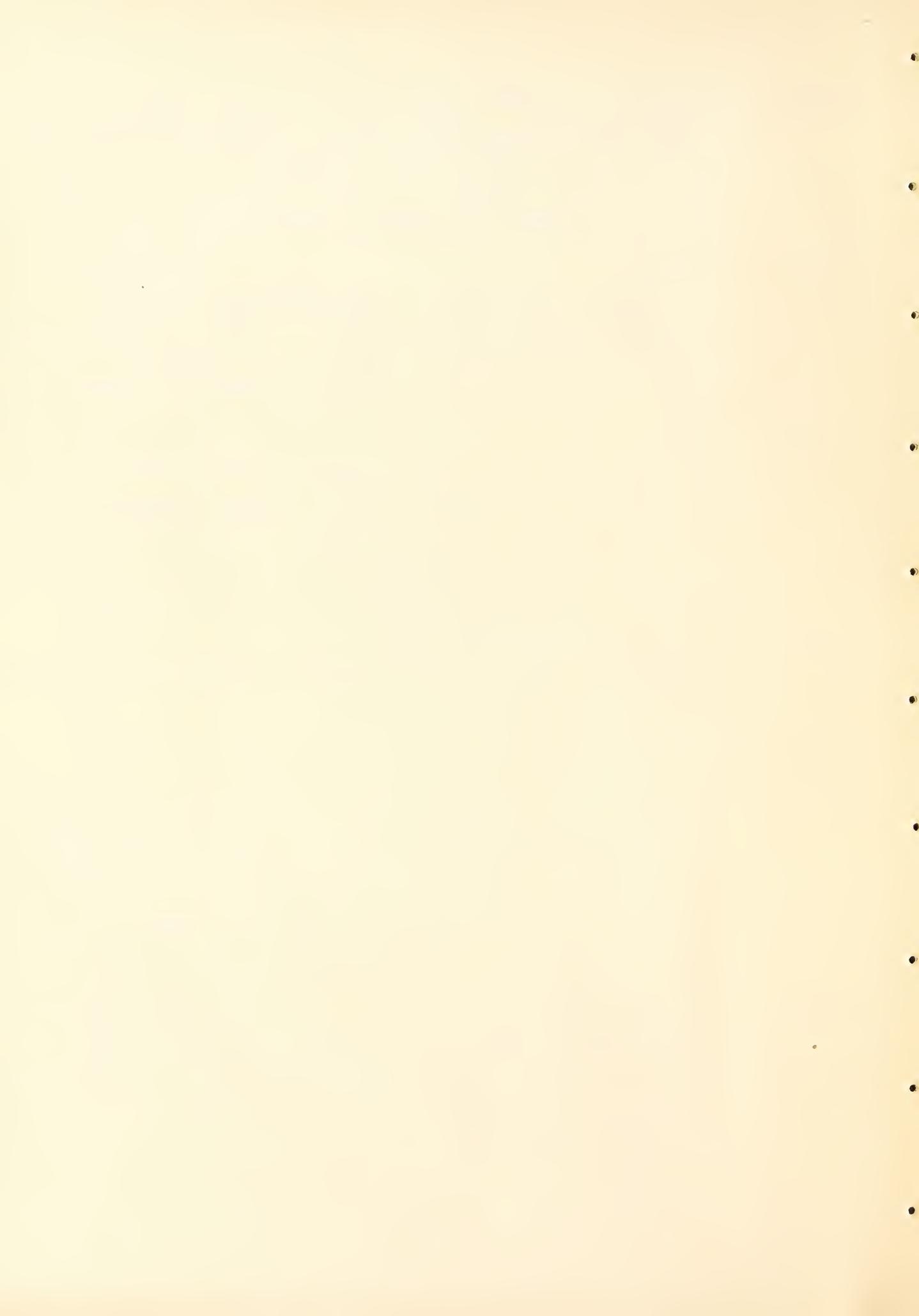
CHEETS: What's the matter with you?

JIM: (GROANING) That bad knee of mine - wrenches it - fall over
 a rock or something --

CHEETS: Kid you ain't up?

JIM: Uh - I afraid I don't make it, Cheets. -- I guess -
 I guess there's nothing to stop you from pulling out on me
 now, Cheets. -- If you wanted to run off and leave the country
 with you - I guess I'd have a hard time stopping you - with
 this knee of mine -- (PAUSE) How about it, Cheets?

CHEETS: I ain't leavin' you, Raney. -- Do you suppose maybe if I
 helped you we could git you back on yer horse agin'
 Cheets - you're making it awful hard for me to want to take
 you over to hav' such difficulties.



(INTERVAL - 2001)

JIM: (WEAKLY) Here we are, Gheeto. To make it, old man.

GHEETO: Yeah.

JIM: Can you get the door open?

GHEETO: I reckon.

END OF TAP

JIM: (COURTING UP) Why, Jim - what's happened?

JIM: It's that old bad knee of mine again, Bees.

GHEETO: Oh Jim --!

GHEETO: kinda banged up old knee up on the trail, lady. Had a hard time gittin' 'im home.

JIM: It has good of you to help him. — Bees, Jim, we'll take you over to the cabin - careful, Jim -- there. You just sit there, Jim, and --

JIM: Don't mind about me, Bees. I'll be all right in a few minutes. — (RAISED VOICE) Choose you either get your shoes by the fire and get warmed up a little,

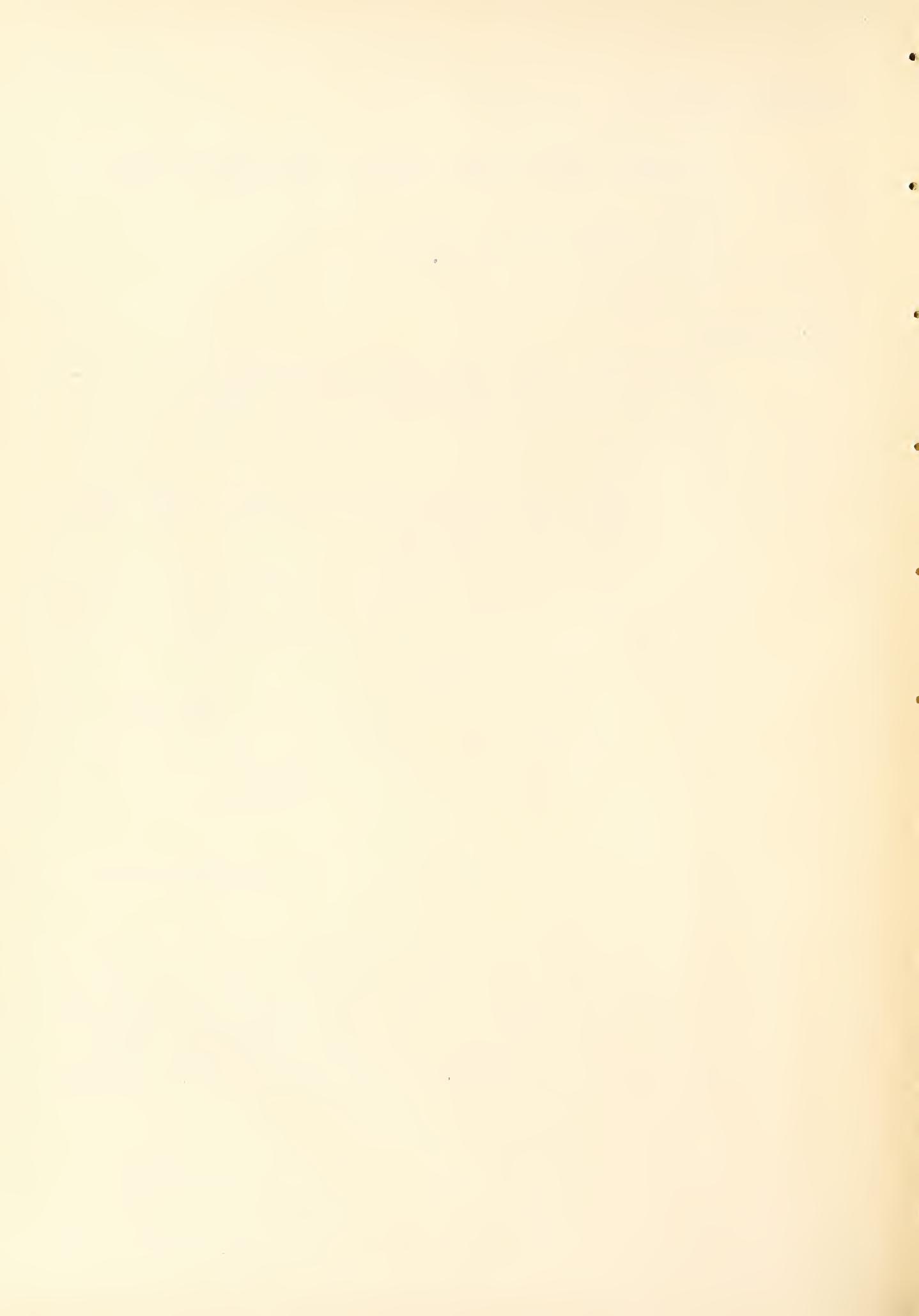
GHEETO: All right.

JIM: Ay, you're wet - and cold, Jim. — Let me help you get those off, and --

JIM: Never mind about me, Bees. I wish you'd call up Bill Goo and ask him to come over and look after the horses, Ghee.

GHEETO: Jim, I'll call right away. (LOFTIER VOICE)

But Jim - who is this man that brought you in? He looks kind of --



JIM: That's Ike Cheets. He's under arrest --

BESS: Under arrest?

JIM: Yep. He's my prisoner. I arrested 'im up in the Bowditch country for stealing government property, and brought 'im in over the trail - (CHUCKLES SOFTLY) only it kinda looks like he's the one that brought me in.

BESS: I see.

JIM: Don't you think we ought to invite him to be our guest for supper, Bess?

BESS: Your pris -- why yes, of course, Jim.

JIM: Well, Cheets, you better take off that Mackinaw and sit down a spell. Pretty hard trip we had.

CHEETS: Then yuh gonna call up the deputy to come over here and git me?

JIM: Well, I reckon the first thing on the program better be to warm up and get a little hot supper.

CHEETS: All right.

JIM: And I want to tell you, Cheets, that I appreciate a lot the way you helped me get back here. I'd have had a hard time of it if you hadn't helped me out.

CHEETS: Ah, that's all right, Ranger. -- Listen - you go ahead and call up the marshal. I'm willin' to take my spell in jail or fine er whatever I got comin' to me.

JIM: Yeah?



CHRISTIE: Yeah, so' - well, an' maybe you don't think my promise is worth nutthin' - but I'm givin' you my promise that our Rangers won't have to worry none about me givin' you any trouble after this. I reckon I'll come play the game with you, like you said.

JIM: All right, pardner - we'll shake on it.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, I guess it isn't very often that the prisoners help the law enforcement officer bring him in. -- And in this case, I guess we can say that Ranger Jim 'got him' and in more ways than one.

Before the Forest Rangers come on the air again, Christmas will be here, and at this time Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers and the United States Forest Service want to extend their heartiest Christmas greetings and their best wishes for a happy Christmas to you all.

We'll see you again next Friday. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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